

THOMAS.

THE BATTLES BEFORE NASHVILLE

Our Special Details of the Three Days Engagements in which Hood was Routed and Destroyed.

His Army Outflanked, Himself Outgeneraled.

His Losses Fully Twelve Thousand Men and Fifty Pieces of Artillery.

His Retreat Intercepted by Our Cavalry and the Gunboats on the Tennessee River.

Our Losses Not Over Three Thousand Men.

Mr. D. P. Conyngham's Despatch.

Near Nashville, Dec. 17, 1864.

THE PRELIMINARY MOVEMENTS.

For several days past there have been exciting rumors. The heavy cavalry force on the north side of the river crossed over on the 12th, crowding the streets and giving currency to extravagant rumors. A council of war was held by Thomas and his generals, and they decided to attack next day, the 13th. The weather was so severe that the attack was deferred. Hood, as it appeared of what was transpiring, moved from his first line of hills to a stronger position in front of the long range of hills that connect the bend of the Cumberland river which encloses round Nashville.

General Lyon was now threatening the Louisville line, and frecklebirds giving indications of sweeping down on the Chattanooga line. It was therefore Hood's interest to take up a strong position and await Thomas' attack. Hood held a council of war at General Harding's house, where he had his headquarters a few days since, and it was agreed to take up a strong position and invest Nashville, while Forrest and his other raiders would cut off our supplies and thus compel us to attack him on his own terms or evacuate Nashville. On the 11th Forrest and his cavalry commander attacked Murfreesboro, so as to draw off part of our force from Nashville. They were repulsed after a hot contest, and failed in interfering with Thomas' plans.

A SECOND COUNCIL OF WAR.

On the evening of the 14th Thomas and his corps and division generals held a second council of war at the St. Cloud Hotel, at which the following programme was decided on for the following morning:—

The artillery from the forts and advanced batteries to open all along the line. Major General Steedman, who commanded on the extreme left, was to make a heavy demonstration, so as to attract the enemy's attention to that point. Schofield, who connected with Steedman's right, was to hold himself in readiness to move as necessary. Wood's corps, the Fourth, was to move on the Hillsboro pike, keeping up a connection with A. J. Smith's, and pierce to the center, while A. J. Smith was to attack the extreme left. Hatch's division of cavalry connected with Smith's right.

Some of Major General Thomas' cavalry had wheeled on the enemy's rear, toward Brentwood, so as to cut off the rebel retreat. This was the programme for action, and was admirably carried out.

THE BATTLE BEFORE NASHVILLE.

The First Day's Fight, December 15.

The booming of guns from Fort Negley and Cassino and several batteries awakened the inhabitants to the terrible reality that a battle was raging outside their city. There was great anxiety and hurrying to and fro, for the fate of thousands hung upon the issue. Defeat would be ruin, for it meant the fall of Nashville. Thomas knew this, and therefore decided on attacking Hood before he had time to fortify his new position. At early dawn Steedman's troops were in motion. The First and Second brigades—colored troops, commanded by Colonels Thompson and Morgan—looked up position to the right and left of the Chattanooga line. These were supported by an Indiana battery. Colonel Groveson, commanding a brigade of detached of the Fourteenth corps, took up a position on their left. The colored troops drove back the enemy's skirmishers to their main lines, but wavered under the assault. Groveson's brigade charged, taking the advance line of works.

As it was not the intention of bringing on a general engagement at this point, and the enemy developing heavy lines, General Steedman ordered them to fall back to their original position, still keeping up a brisk skirmish fire. I met one of those brave warriors—a regular scout—returning from the front. "Are you hurt?" I exclaimed. "Oh, no, mass, yes. General Ball struck me here right nigher on de breast, and rolled me over, killing Jim, at de order side."

He looked very well for a man whom a cannon ball had made a shuttlecock of.

THE ATTACK ON THE CENTER.

Freely at six o'clock the Fourth corps commenced the line of march along the Hillsboro pike, and soon formed. The second division, commanded by General Elliot, moved on to the right. The first division, commanded by General Kimball, moved on to the left to the second division, with the Third—General Smith's—on the right. The corps moved forward in this order, giving their movements by those of General Smith's command. General Garrard's division, Sixteenth corps, formed on the right of the Fourth corps, with Morgan's division connecting on his right.

Our line of action now extended from the left of the Grassy White pike clear away to the river. Heavy skirmishing soon took place, and the battle on along the front burst shot and shell over our men's heads into the rebel lines.

The rebels had now fallen back to their first line of works, in front of Mr. Montgomery's house. General Wood, who was all the time actively engaged along the whole line, guiding and directing movements, seeing the importance of this position, ordered General Canby to assault the position and take it.

BEATY'S ADVANCE.

Beaty formed his division, Colonel Post's brigade, Second, on the right; Colonel Straight's on the left, with Keener's brigade held in reserve. The Forty-first Ohio, followed by the Seventy-first Ohio, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio and Fifty-ninth Illinois, formed Colonel Post's line. The Eighth Kansas and Fifty-first Indiana, supported by the Eighty-ninth Illinois, and Fifteenth and Forty-ninth Ohio, formed Colonel Straight's line. The batteries of the corps, under Major Goodspeed, occupied the following positions:—Zenger's Second Pennsylvania battery on the left, the First Illinois next, with the Sixth Ohio, Twelfth Indiana and Battery E, First Michigan, a little retired.

THE REBEL LINE.

From the best information I could glean, Cheatham occupied the left of the rebel line, Stewart in the center, and S. B. Lee on the right. The disputed position, from which the rebels annoyed our lines, is a commanding eminence on the Grassy White pike. On the crest of this hill stood the house of a Mrs. Montgomery. It had been burned down, and both it and Cousin's were in ruins from our shot and shell.

Like the famous "La Haye Sainte" of Waterloo, it has the history like it, no, it burned walls and shattered beams attest the fierce action of the conflict that raged around them. Perforated walls, heaps of bricks and mortar, and fragments of splintered trees and unrecognizable ruins, are the trophies of the victory. About two o'clock the advance to the summit. As soon as the order was given, "Forward, charge," the Second brigade rushed forward in double quick time, giving one loud cheer. The first brigade, fired with the enthusiasm of the cheer, also dashed forward to find powder and delivered a withering fire to the enemy, and followed it by a charge, dashing in on the rebel works. The rebels fled in confusion, delivering a scattering fire on us from the site of the burned house.

We had now gained the crest of the hill. Our reg-

iment was a confusion, dashed after the enemy, capturing over five hundred. Our line in killed was light. Captain John M. Partridge, instructor of the first brigade, and Captain Cobb, instructor of the second brigade, had their names added under them.

The Fourth corps, battery, Lieutenant Canby, and Battery E, First Michigan, Cheatham in front, soon occupied the hill, opening on the retreating enemy. General Kimball and Elliot were also sharply engaged on the right, and were steadily pressing the enemy in their front. The Fifteenth and Nineteenth Ohio captured a battery, which they had charged. Schofield, who had been in reserve during the early part of the fight, had now wheeled to the extreme right, with Hatch's division of cavalry between him and A. J. Smith. The battle now raged fiercely on our right. Schofield and Smith were desperately engaged; Garrard's and McArthur's divisions of Smith's command, had charged on the enemy's works, capturing them. Cox's division was also hotly engaged. Wilson's cavalry now swept on the rebel flank and rear, rendering important services and capturing a large number of wagons.

To add to the infernal din of shrieking shot and shell, the gunboats on the river opened their brass throats, hurling shot and shell through the woods on the rebel ranks.

THE LAST ASSAULT OF THE DAY.

The rebels were now giving way. Our right was doubling them up. Several of their guns were in our hands. The Sixteenth corps alone had captured eight. The Fourth corps now prepared for a general assault along the center. The First and Second brigades of Beaty's division occupied the left, formed in single line. Kimball's and Elliot's formed into columns by brigade. The advance of this long line of battle was magnificent. In their front lay a long slope of open country bounded by belts of woods. An increasing slope ran to the woods now occupied by the rebels. Over this the line moved in one column, steady column. The crest of the hill in front partly sheltered it from the enemy's artillery. A dense volume of smoke rose from the valley shrouding the hills and rebel lines in their front.

The roar of the rebel artillery was becoming fainter, while the sound of our guns rang nearer and nearer. The Fourth corps for a moment halted and lay down to have Smith connect. We could soon see the rebels breaking pell mell from their works. Infantry, cavalry and artillery were sweeping across the plain. What does it mean?

A wild cheer rang from our lines, and the batteries redoubled their iron storm. Soon a column was seen emerging from the woods on the rebel flanks. Who are they? The Stars and Stripes float proudly in their front. They are our right, which has swung around their flank. Leaders from the bushes—hats are flying in the air—cavaliers rush forward, helping the gunners. The Fourth corps jump to their feet and sweep right on the dying enemy. Ahal! darkness was setting in. Oh, for a Joshua to command the sun to stand still—just two hours!

The battle was fought, the victory won; Nashville was saved and Hood was routed, shattered and broken. The victory was ours, sure and certain.

THOMAS.

General Thomas viewed the battle from a high hill in the center of our position, with his usual imperturbable coolness. One could not judge by him how great an issue was at stake.

HE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY BRIGADIER GENERAL WEBSTER.

Chief of General Sherman's staff. Webster is an excellent artillery officer, and rendered efficient service during the fight by his selection of locations and guiding artillery movements.

WOOD.

General Wood, who commands the Fourth corps in the absence of Major General Stanley, was active and vigilant as usual. I remarked his aide, Major Danson and Captain Chaffer, riding along the hottest part of the line with despatches. It is hard to compute the losses as yet, but you will have them by telegraph before you receive this. We have certainly captured seventeen guns and over one thousand prisoners.

It is thought that Hood has been too badly used to renege the battle-to-morrow.

THE BATTLE OF BRENTWOOD HILLS.

The Second Day's Fight, Dec. 16.

It was thought that Hood's severe repulse yesterday had crippled him so that he would not dare to renew the conflict to-day, and thus risk a signal defeat and repulse of his army. Hood is remarkable for his dogged pertinacity and perseverance. Men are mere machines in his hands. These are excellent military qualities in a wise general, whose plans are laid with prudence and foresight. With a general of Hood's unflinching impetuosity, they generally prove fatal.

Hood's intentions were to blockade the Cumberland, cut the Louisville and Nashville road, and thus compel Thomas to evacuate. With this intention he had fallen back from his works before the city, to intercept himself in the Overton range of hills. In this position he could keep Thomas hemmed up in the city, divide him from Rousseau at Murfreesboro, and with his cavalry and Breckinridge's forces, cut off Bridgeport and Chattanooga.

This programme looked very fine, but Thomas' feelings had to be consulted, and he took into his head to spoil Hood's well laid scheme altogether, and attacked him before he had time to fortify himself in his new position.

At a council of war held a few days previous Hood gave free expression to his opinions, and remarked,

"All these stories about Thomas' army are false. He has but the Fourth and Twenty-third corps, which we have already whipped, and some conscripts. We must take Nashville. We shall take it, and then, gentlemen, turning to his officers, 'how we'll feast on the rich Yankee spoils!'"

"We have taken stronger places, and by God we will take it," exclaimed Cheatham, rather chafed; for his native city lay before him, and the vision of past days of social conviviality rushed on his mind. Lee was thoughtful. It was the council of the fallen ones plotting to gain their lost state. Hood had swelled our proud retreat from Pulaski into a disaster on our side and a grand strategic success on his part. He was fulfilling Jeff. Davis' predictions at Moon and driving the Yankees forward out of Tennessee.

They were now coming in on the enemy's main works, and it was evident that the grand charge would soon take place. Our batteries, having advanced close to the enemy's work, now opened from over one hundred guns on one face, continuous fire upon the rebel line, making the air hideous with the roar of shrieking shot and shell, and obscuring the valley with a thick, sulphurous canopy of smoke.

The Ninth Indiana battery, from the hill in Garrard's front, swept the rebel lines, which were open on its range.

Near this stood General Thomas and his staff, accompanied by General Webster. Thomas surveyed the position with his usual cool calmness, directly scrutinizing every movement of the enemy and taking the necessary precautions to frustrate their designs. He conversed with the officers around him on the situation, evincing a full and clear appreciation of the rebel general's movements and intentions. All the time preparations were making for a general assault and our batteries were covering the advance by one of the fiercest artillery fire I have ever heard.

Our artillery all through did excellent service, running their guns close up to the rebel works, tearing them to pieces and making the rebels fly from their intrenchments. Major Goodspeed, Chief of Artillery, Fourth corps, worked his different batteries admirably, placing them in the most effective positions.

In front of the Fourth corps I remarked the Fourth regular battery, Captain Canby; Battery B, Independent Pennsylvania—this had two guns dismounted and trunks smashed; Sixth Ohio, Lieutenant Baldwin, and several other companies of troops. All the line promises of leaders have ended in disaster and defeat. Instead of leading on the rich spoils of the Philistines, they are hurried back, naked, hungry and dispirited. They now see that instead of entrapping Thomas and his army—as both Hood and his arch-enemy, Jeff. Davis, told them they would do—Thomas had left the trap for them, and was calmly awaiting his stupid victims to mesh themselves in his snare.

At eight o'clock our infantry was in motion in pursuit, Smith and Schofield moving on the Grassy White pike and Keener and Wood on the Hillsboro pike. The fighting was mainly confined to the cavalry, for the rebels made good use of the long night to get out of reach of our infantry. In our line of march toward Frank's we captured a large number of wounded, whom we found in the houses—among them a rebel general—also a rebel hospital, containing nearly two thousand patients, including some of our own, who were left.

Our cavalry fiercely harassed the enemy, scattering a rebel force that offered resistance and picking up rebel stragglers and prisoners in squads. Keizer's division had wheeled around the rebel right flank the previous day and struck their column at night, and was now pressing them vigorously, also trying to head them off.

CAVALRY SUCCESS.

Hatch had been engaged the previous evening on the left of the Hillsboro pike, and had captured General Rucker and some three hundred prisoners, and pressed the enemy back on the Overton hill, and moving toward the gap, harassed Hood's retreating columns all Saturday morning and sweeping down on them at Spring Hill, where he captured three pieces of artillery and such a number of prisoners that they soon outnumbered his command.

General Keizer so hotly pressed their rear guard that they had to abandon their hospitals, with about three thousand inmates, among them General Quarles, of Tennessee, and five battle flags. General Johnston had wheeled round Frank's and struck the retreating rebels' flank, capturing their men in squads.

In fact, Hood's army was now so demoralized, panic-stricken and seeking safety in flight, they have lost all hope now that they are that, instead of leading them with the spoils of Nashville, as he so vainly gloriously promised, Hood only led them to slaughter, for never had so many been so badly massacred.

Just at the moment Hood wanted his cavalry most he sent them to support a column of Pat. Cleburn's old regiments, under Davis, toward Murfreesboro; but Rousseau was prepared for them, and the while the First, Second and Third divisions of the First Army, Rousseau and Milroy were paying the same compliments to Forrest and Bates, by routing them with a loss of about one thousand men.

Hood did not expect an attack so soon from Thomas, and thought that by attacking Murfreesboro he would compel Thomas to throw his army down there. But Thomas was too cunning, and left Rousseau to take care of himself, and judiciously swept upon Hood, now that he

and about half a mile east of it, in order to cover their flank.

Our parties remained unchanged from the first day—those in front of the extreme left, Wood connecting with Kimball on the left of the Franklin pike. Garrard's division, of A. J. Smith's corps, connected on the right of Wood, next came McArthur's, then Colonel Moore, connecting with Schofield's left. Cox formed Schofield's right and took the left. Wilson's cavalry came up on Schofield's right, along the Hillsboro pike, with orders to operate south of the hills, and if possible to turn the rebel flank and cut off the retreat. Schofield occupied a deep valley, with his flank extended well towards the head, and facing the rebel line, which was drawn like a bow along the slope of the hills; Couch's division ran diagonally across a spur of the hills at an angle with Cox. About ten o'clock the mist cleared away, revealing the sombre forest trees crowding the steep bluff, with their crests and sides exposed into murderous rifle pits and ridged with grim batteries.

Steedman's corps was the first to advance. He moved out on the Murfreesboro pike, with instructions to connect with Wood and outflank the rebel right. His command consisted of two colored brigades, under Colonels Thompson and Morgan, and a division of white troops, under General Crook.

Our skirmishers advanced without opposition for a considerable distance, but as soon as they struck the belt of wood in front of the enemy's position broke skirmishing commenced.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

Between the Grassy White and Franklin pike is a kind of plateau, sloping towards the range of hills which seem to be bounded by Little Harper and Mill creeks. Large residences and well cared plantations cover the landscape back to Nashville. Here the city is shut out from your view by the hills, crowned with fort and batteries, and their sides dotted over with white tents, and the dark forms of citizens crowding to see the battle, or at least hear its din.

Behind these rose the houses and steeples of the city. The cupola of the Capitol was crowded with anxious spectators.

We had now struck the rebel skirmishers, and the fierce musketry fire soon commenced. Our batteries opened along the line, shelling the woods and advanced position. The rebel skirmishers fell back slowly on their works. Between Whitaker's and Groves' brigades, Keener's division, and Garrard's division lay on a hill, on the top of which were a farm house and out offices. From shelter of these the rebel skirmishers and section of artillery harassed our advance. Whitaker's brigade comprising the Ninety-sixth and One Hundred and Fifteenth Illinois, Forty-fifth and Fifty-first Ohio, Twenty-first and Twenty-third Kentucky and Thirty-fifth Indiana, were ordered to take the position, supported by the left of Garrard's line, and on the right by Crook.

The front of this gallant charge fell upon Brigadier General Whitaker's and Groves' brigades. Nobly did they behave. There seemed to be a laudable spirit of State rivalry between them. They formed into column in double line by brigades, and moved forward in quick pace. They had nearly crossed the plain in front of the enemy's works when a withering fire of artillery and musketry swept, in one sheet of lead and flame, right in their face. It has ever been the rebel tactic to suffer our troops to advance close to their works, so that their volleys would have more effect. The men received this with a taunting cheer and a regular volley along the line. Still on we advanced, until just closing upon the rebels, when our works in our front seemed to

bech their working, withering fire, more deadly than before that thinned our ranks and made the survivors veterans, and created a temporary confusion. The rebels in front loudly cheered, and some jumped on the parapet. Our men rallied, turned and fired, thinking the number of spectators. The momentary reaction served our men, and on they fought, in double quick time rushing over the works, and bayoneting the rebels in their faces. It was a gallant charge, and gallantly led, for both Kimball and Whitaker were conspicuous in the thickest of the bloody strife. Here the rebels left two of their guns and an arsenal of small arms in our hands.

The Fourth corps had now driven the rebels from their advance lines, and was pressing them back on their reserves. Beaty's division occupied the right of the Franklin pike, the Second division on the left of the pike, and the First division connecting with Garrard.

We were now closing in on the enemy's main works, and it was evident that the grand charge would soon take place. Our batteries, having advanced close to the enemy's work, now opened from over one hundred guns on one face, continuous fire upon the rebel line, making the air hideous with the roar of shrieking shot and shell, and obscuring the valley with a thick, sulphurous canopy of smoke.

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had the burning heat that burned Harshbarger with his own side. Despite this murderous fire, which seemed to blast life with its breath, the troops rushed up the hill but to show its men with their dead bodies. Post fell mortally wounded while rushing on at the head of his men. He paid the sacrifice of his gallant bravery with his life. Harshbarger was slightly wounded, and many of our officers either killed or wounded. The troops, unable to stand this fell back to their works, the rebels not daring to pursue. Gen. John J. Wood was fiercely riding along the line, himself and his staff exposing themselves at all points. He often-times threw himself forward, calling on the troops to follow. Wood fell back, still vowing that the hill should be taken, for repulse seemed but an incentive to him. He did not understand failure; it had no place in his vocabulary. In this charge the colored troops bravely participated; but the rebels seemed to mark them for destruction with a fiendish malignity. All the time the roar of artillery and musketry, that echoed along the valleys from Smith's, Schofield's, Elliot's and Kimball's lines, was perfectly deafening. It came.

Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.

Steedman was now closing up on the rebel right. In front of Smith the men were engaged throwing up breastworks, when the order came, "Fall in!" The veterans threw aside their picks and spades, for well they knew what the order meant.

This advance was first through an open cornfield with a strong stone fence on their front. All this time the rebels were pouring shot and shell among them. Cool and undismayed they advanced under this fire, hurling back the rebel skirmishers on their main lines and charging right up after them, driving them pell mell from their works, capturing large numbers of prisoners, artillery and battle flags. McArthur's gallant division captured six twelve-pounder Napoleon guns and four flags, besides a whole battalion of prisoners.

THE TWENTY-NINTH CORPS.

Had to advance up a steep hill, directly in face of a rebel battery (Second Maryland), which they not only captured but turned the rebel flank.

MAJOR GENERAL WILSON'S CAVALRY.

were all this time engaged on our right, sweeping down on the enemy and driving them back to their works. General Johnson and Hatch's divisions were chiefly engaged here while General Keizer had swept round on the rebel rear to harass their retreat. In this charge the cavalry captured a large number of prisoners and General Rucker.

A tall—fearful hill—of some ten minutes took place in the center after Beaty's repulse. It was only momentary.

"We must take that hill," exclaimed General Wood, as he fearlessly rode in front of the lines encouraging his troops and watching every movement of the enemy, and turning to his aide he exclaimed, "Go, Major Dawson, and order Keener and Crook to renew the charge."

Major Dawson did so, participated in the gallant charge that followed and fell wounded. With such division generals as Beaty, Elliot and Kimball, supported by able brigade commanders and officers, and such troops as he commanded, Wood knew he could not fail.

Thomas still looked on calmly and listened to the fierce roar of artillery and musketry circling round the hills to the right and left of the enemy. He smiled, for he knew that the net was hauling in. Our lines were now closing in like a horseman round the enemy—they occupying the hollow and matted back to a contracted line of about two miles. Their right was already falling back for shelter behind J. D. Lee's corps. Steedman had now swung round and was pressing them.

Wood was again charging, Groves' and Whitaker's brigades, which had done such good service in the morning, were now surging down the enemy's lines, while Keener, Keener, and the Scott's Campbell, fiercely thundering against their center. These five columns were animated by a spirit of revenge for the loss of their brave companions. Post's men were eager to avenge his fall, and they ably did so.

This was the tide which, taken at the ebb, led to fortune and victory. A ringing cheer from our right proclaimed General Smith and Schofield's victories, as they doubled up the enemy's flank. A concentrated, converging fire now swept along the rebel works on the hill.

One desperate roll of artillery, one force volley of musketry, one wild hurra and on, on swept our men dashing over the rebel works and hurling them from them in panic, and capturing them wholesale. The rebels broke and fled. The Forty-first Ohio jumped over the bodies of their fallen comrades, which lay thickly piled around, and rushed after the retreating rebels, who left their guns, flags and four pieces of artillery. It was the Thirtieth Mississippi battery, Captain Standford commanding.

The rebel rout now commenced. Our artillery and infantry pressed after them, delivering volley after volley in their rear. We pursued them along the Franklin pike, through the Brentwood Gap, picking up whole squads of prisoners and deserters. The darkness of the night at length compelled us to desist from the pursuit. Kimball's division, Fourth corps, captured an entire battery and a battalion of troops commanded by Major Johnson, of Maryland. Most of the prisoners taken by them were from J. D. Lee's corps and Stephens' division.

CARRIAGES.

We have certainly captured over four thousand prisoners, including General John K. Jackson, of Georgia, and Brigadier General Smith, with a large number of staff and field officers, with twenty-five pieces of artillery—making, with the sixteen the previous day, forty-one in all.

THE BATTLE OF THE HARPETH.

The Third Day's Operations, Dec. 17.

RETRAIT.

To-day our cavalry are vigorously resuming the fruits of our glorious victories of the past two days, for Hood's shattered, demoralized army is breaking over the country, with our infantry and cavalry like vengeful furies hanging on their flanks and rear.

It cannot be called a battle—it is a disastrous rout of panic-stricken men, who no longer retain the discipline of a corps or of troops. All the line promises of leaders have ended in disaster and defeat. Instead of leading on the rich spoils of the Philistines, they are hurried back, naked, hungry and dispirited. They now see that instead of entrapping Thomas and his army—as both Hood and his arch-enemy, Jeff. Davis, told them they would do—Thomas had left the trap for them, and was calmly awaiting his stupid victims to mesh themselves in his snare.

At eight o'clock our infantry was in motion in pursuit, Smith and Schofield moving on the Grassy White pike and Keener and Wood on the Hillsboro pike. The fighting was mainly confined to the cavalry, for the rebels made good use of the long night to get out of reach of our infantry. In our line of march toward Frank's we captured a large number of wounded, whom we found in the houses—among them a rebel general—also a rebel hospital, containing nearly two thousand patients, including some of our own, who were left.